

NUMBER 329

CLUB Magazine Published every four weeks in the United States and Canada by Blair Publishing, Inc. Contents copyright 2023 by Blair Publishing, Inc., 10170 W. Tropicana Ave. #156-168 Las Vegas, NV 89147. All rights reserved. Contents may not be reprinted in whole or in part without the written permission of the publisher. The records required by Title 18, U.S. Code 2257 (a) through (c) and the pertinent regulations 28 C.F.R., Ch. 1, Part 75. CLUB magazine and all materials associated with such records are maintained by Blair Publishing, Inc. Director of Research and Custodian of Records, M. Stone, at 9516 W. Flamingo Rd., Ste. 300, Las Vegas, NV 89147 and are available for inspection and review by the Attorney General at reasonable times. Any similarity between people and places in this magazine and real people and places is purely coincidental. The words, descriptions, quotes and scenarios depicted and presented in the pictorials do not describe the models actual behavior, thoughts or conduct. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited graphic and editorial material, and all rights in portions published vest in publisher. Letters become the property of CLUB magazine or its editors are assumed to be intended for publication in whole or in part, and may therefore be used for such purposes. Editorial offices: Blair Publishing, Inc., 10170 W. Tropicana Ave. #156-168 Las Vegas, NV 89147. All models appearing in this magazine are 18 years of age or older.

> PRINTED IN CANADA. ISSN: 0747-0827

club

Publisher: Royce Martine Editorial Director: James Fillmore Art Director: Franklin Monroe Senior Editor: Calvin Harding Photography Editor: Millie Wilson







CONTENTS

NATALLI DIANGELO

Knows how to handle two cocks with ease

ANNA LOVATO, GEMMA MASSEY, LINSEY DAWN MCKENZIE

They play dress up just to fuck each other

INTIMATE THOUGHTS

Older/Younger Sex

EVA LOVIA

Sexy Latina stops hearts all over the world

LACEY DUVALLE

The kitchen's her second favorite place to fuck

WHO WROTE THIS STUFF?

You didn't say it was true!

GOLDIE & JENNA SATIVA

Lovely ladies lusty lesbian labia licking

NATALIA FORREST

Won't even take her hat off when she's wet





ENJOY THE MODELS IN THIS ISSUE IN EXCITING HARDCORE ACTION JUST BY ENTERING THE PINCODE FOUND ON THE INSIDE COVERS. GO TO WWW.5FREEDVD.COM AND ENTER THE CODE FOR HOURS OF FUN. EACH NEW CODE AND CAN BE USED ONLY ONCE.

YOU WANT IT? THEN SUBSCRIBE AND GET IT!

Monthly Titles ☐ CLUB 6 issues: US \$30.00 12 issues: US \$55.00 ☐ CHERI 6 issues: US \$30.00 12 issues: US \$55.00 HIGH 6 issues: US \$30.00 SOCIETY 12 issues: US \$55.00 **Bi-monthly Titles** □ 30+ MILF 6 issues: US \$30.00 12 issues: US \$55.00 6 issues: US \$30.00 □ 40+ 12 issues: US \$55.00 □ 50+ 6 issues: US \$30.00 12 issues: US \$55.00 □ E.F.G. 6 issues: US \$30.00 12 issues: US \$55.00 6 issues: US \$30.00 N.H.W.

☐ FOX

SWANK

□ GALLERY

SPECIALS

☐ CLUB





12 issues: US \$55.00

6 issues: □ US \$30.00 12 issues: □ US \$55.00 6 issues: □ US \$30.00

12 issues: ☐ US \$55.00 6 issues: ☐ US \$30.00

12 issues: ☐ US \$55.00 6 issues: ☐ US \$30.00

6 issues: US \$30.00

12 issues: US \$55.00

INTERNATIONAL 12 issues: US \$55.00

Go online to order your subscription, or complete the form below and mail to: Blair Publishing, Inc., 10170 W. Tropicana Ave. #156-168, Las Vegas, NV 89147

For all our customers outside the U.S., please check out tour hardcore digital editions on www.skinmagz.com/40.

Signature	🗖 I am 18 years or older		
Address			
City	State	Zip Code	









































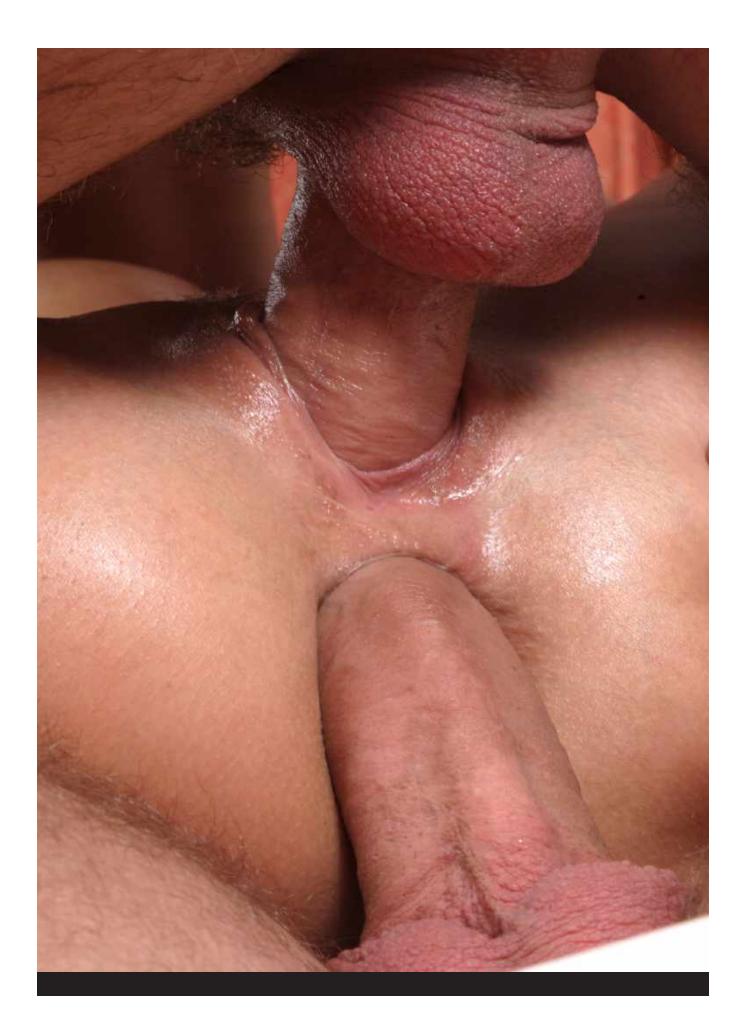














www.blairmart.com



TO 60% SAVINGS!

VISIT US AT BLAIRMART.COM TO BROWSE THESE AND OVER 40,000 OTHER PRODUCTS!

SIGN UP TODAY FOR EMAIL SPECIALS & PROMO CODES

ET 10% O

When you use promo code: TAKE10 at checkout

"Limited time offer. Online deal onl

SEXFLESH ANNA DUAL **ENDED VAGINAL AND** ANAL LOVE STROKER VANILLA

This double sided pussy and ass stroker has two sides and a tight, textured love tunnel for twice the



513

2

##L.



ZOLO BLOW MASTER RECHARGE-ABLE SILICONE MASTURBATOR -BLACK/BLUE

The multi-ribbed, removable sleeve with incredibly satisfying textures and the built-in erotic audio add to the stimulation. Ten suction intensities, five vibration patterns and five vibration intensities combine to make 20 unique functions. The Blow Master uses magnetic USB charging and is made from hypoallergenic materials.

PRICE

SKINS ANAL HYBRID **LUBRICANT 4.40Z** (130ML)

Skins Anal Silicone Lubricant 4.4 fi oz (130ml)

SKU: CCL6170



COCK GEAR LEATHER SNAP-ON HARNESS - RED



REG. PRICE

OUCH! COMFORT BEGINNER PUMP GLOW INTHE

DARK - GREEN It's time to pump it up with this trigger grip penis pump! The powerful trigger will bring you your desired level of hardness in little time. The design is ergonomic and comfortable and will bring you the right

effects. PRICE 436.99

SKU: SHOU786GLO

RENA HAND SANITIZER 1.50Z

Rena by Solevy hand sanitizer is made in the USA, vegan and not tested on animals. Product is made with 75% alcohol, Vitamin E, and Aloe.

SKU: SOCO 3013

PURPLE Spiraled Design Cring. Intensifies sensation

SKU: XR-AE427 SKU: XGZO6053

9 REG. PRICE SKU: RC-TWS-101-PU

CALEXITICS **BOUNDLESS ROPE - YELLOW** Body-safe, multi-purpose rope. Made for a sturdy hold. Soft and comfortable against the skin. Functional and durable design

PRICE 548.74 SKU: SE-2702-96-3

CACTUS CUP WITH PLASTIC STRAW ROCK CANDY TAFFY TWIST COCK RING -Great for outdoor, beach, pool, and theme parties. Includes a dark green crazy straw and holds 19

ounces. Enjoy your tequila, mezcal or any other mixed drinks in this flashy electroplated cactus.

SKU: VNVD60 MASTER SERIES MASTER SERIES ENSLAVED SLAVE CHAIN NIPPLE CLAMPS

SILVER - SILVER
The large, bold font spells out
SLAVE and with a tug against
the clamps you can put them
in their place if they forget!

SKU: XR-AG930

CALEX/TICS OMASSIONS

CALEXITICS FUCK SAUCE CUM (HYBRID LUBRICANT

80Z Expertly created by the sexual health experts at CalExotics, the water-based formula is hypoallergenic, pH-friendly, safe for all skin types, and free from artificial

fragrances and colorants SKU: SE-2405-25-1

19 REG.



Confidence, emotions, physicality and physiology can all effect your fibido, POWERECT will post arousal and empower you to per-form with complete confidence.

CREAM 20ML



O Masstoys FINGER CONDOMS DUAL PLEASURE NUBS (6 PER PACK)

Peck of 6. Dual pleasure nubs. For you or your permer Lutte inside each pack. Waterproof: Latex with siscore rubs.

49 REG.



SKU: N2848

DEVON'S PRIVATE PLEASURES BUTTS UP RECHARGEABLE SILICONE MASTURBATOR - PUSSY AND PROSTATE MASSAGER WITH

SKU: SE-0450-01-3

ASS - VANILLA SCROTUM & COCK RING - BLACK

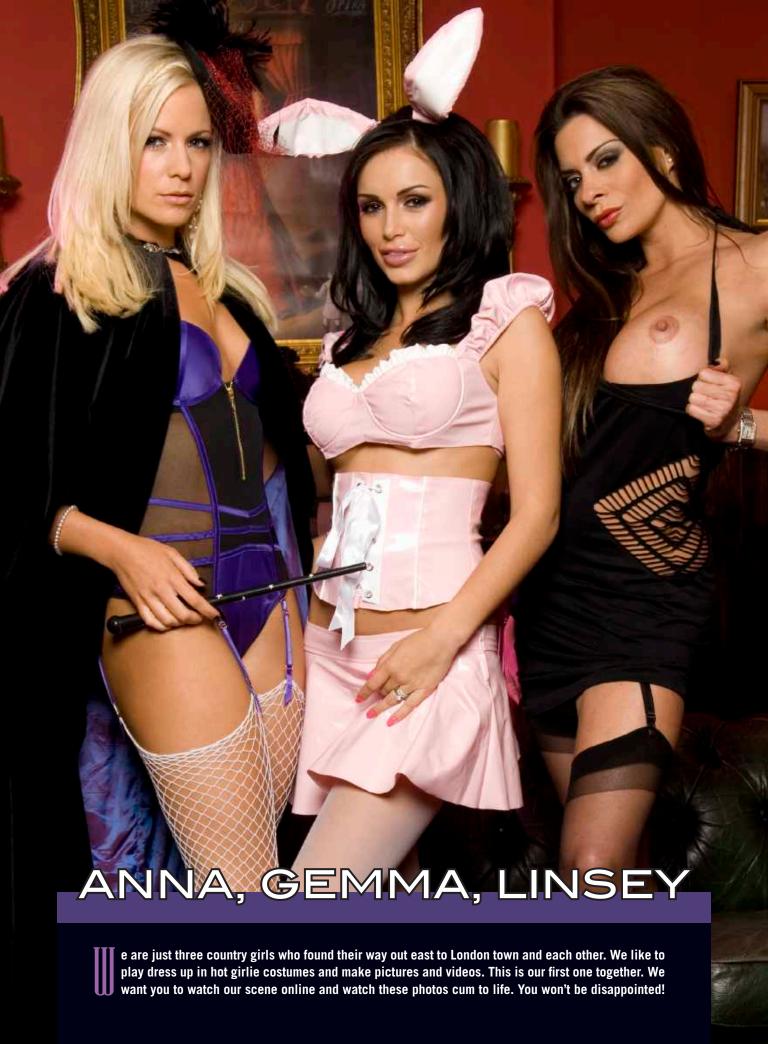
Delivering 10 rumbly vibration patterns. Features 2 connected rings for both the testes and the base of the penis. Waterproof

SKU: N3059



			SKU	ITEM TITLE		PRICE	QTY	SUBTOTAL
Name:			-					
Address:								
City:		St: Zip:						
Day Phone;_								
Signature:		arm 18 years or older						
Payment Me	thod: Cash Check	Money Order						
MC Visa	Credit Card #:	cw#						
Mail & make payable to:	EFFEX MEDIA P.O. BOX 129 Tennent, NJ 07763	*please print clearly						
to.				(free shipping on orders \$99+)	S&H	7.99	TOTAL	

*Domestic U.S.A. only







































He could kick himself for failing to stay fit. Now it was too late. The test was less than two weeks away, not nearly enough time to get in proper shape.

"Not tonight, Sally." Homicide Detective Larry Bonfils peered at the smooth surface of the bar. "I'm too drunk."

He lifted his beer and took a hit.

Sally frowned. "That never stopped you before."

True, Bonfils thought. In the last month he had fucked her at least four times; invariably in a state of considerable drunkenness. But tonight was different. He just wanted to get wasted, go home, and pass out. It had been a particularly hellish week.

"Ah, come on, Larry. Help a slut out." Sally squeezed his forearm. "I'm dying for a hard dick."

"Give it a rest." Bonfils turned to face her. "All I want to do is sit here and drink my beer in peace."

A defeated Sally removed her hand from his arm and slinked away; no doubt to offer her charms to some other man in the dark bar.

Bonfils liked to fuck as much as the next guy, perhaps even more so. Still, he was no machine. Sometimes life got in the way, squashing his libido like a cockroach underfoot. Tonight was one of those times. He had a lot on his mind . . .

His annual physical fitness test was right around the bend, causing him all manner of stress and worry. The test consisted of pushups, sit ups, and a two-mile run. Bonfils wasn't overly concerned with the pushups and sit ups; he would probably squeak by on those. But the two-mile run was an entirely different matter. Just thinking about it – chest burning, legs turning to jelly – made him wince.

He could kick himself for failing to stay fit. Now it was too late. The test was less than two weeks away, not nearly enough time to get in proper shape.

They wouldn't fire him. But a demotion to some demeaning desk job was a very real possibility. And that would be worse. He would be the laughing stock of the department. Homicide Detective Larry Bonfils, he thought morosely, relegated to shuffling papers and filing reports.

His detractors within the department – of which there were many – would love nothing more than to see him cut down to size. Bonfils hated the idea of giving them the satisfaction. Jealous turds, every last one.

Unbeknownst to Bonfils one of those jealous turds had been observing him from across the crowded bar. Lieutenant Mike Costello stood in the dark shadows nursing a scotch and water and scowling at the detective. Bonfils thought he was hot shit, solving murders left and right and drowning in a sea of pussy.

It was sickening. Costello wanted what Bonfils had, wanted it all, the prestige of working homicide, and certainly the perks that came with it.

Of course Sally was one such perk . . .

He had been trying to get inside her pants for months. But no, the stuck up bitch always turned him down. He wasn't good enough for her. Not Mike Costello, lowly lieutenant, whose closest involvement with solving murders was watching bad cop shows on TV.

Having just observed Bonfils reject Sally's advances, Costello decided to take another crack at her while her ego was damaged; maybe she would be ripe for the picking.

He was just about to go for it when Bonfils seemed to change his mind. A disheartened Costello watched as the detective drained his beer, got up from the bar, and approached Sally who had yet to latch on to somebody else. A brief exchange followed. The pair left, arm in arm, leaving Costello bitter and fuming.

"What made you change your mind?" Sally asked, rubbing Bonfils' cock through the fabric of his cheap off-the-rack trousers.

"I need the exercise," Bonfils replied without humor.

He had driven them back to his apartment. Sally, having taken public transit to the bar, was grateful for the opportunity to travel in comfort. The unmarked sedan wasn't much to look at but it did offer a smooth ride.

Now, sitting beside Sally on the sofa, Bonfils sighed as she unzipped him and freed his cock. She leaned over and spat on it. Then she treated him to one of her mind-boggling stroke jobs, priming him with a deft two-handed technique.

"That's nice, baby," he remarked. "Really nice."

In time Sally went down and engulfed him, taking every inch of his mammoth manhood. Her lips sealed around his shaft, she moved her head up and down, polishing him with expert skill. Sally gave stellar head. The detective leered as her head bobbed in his lap; this coupled with her sloppy slurping never failed to excite him.

"Suck those balls, Sally. Suck 'em good."

She acquiesced; pinning him with her brown eyes, she took his nuts in her mouth, sucking on them while tugging his dick with one hand. When she finally came up for air she said, "Are you ready to fuck me, Detective? I bet you are. I bet you can't wait to stick it in my tight little hole."

Bonfils loved it when Sally referred to him as "Detective." He also loved the form-fitting black party dress with matching pumps she had worn to the bar. It fit her so well he almost hated to see her take it off.

Almost . . .

Smiling naughtily, Sally removed the



dress, then discarded her lacy bra and panties. She stood there before him and rubbed her shaved cunt.

"Turn around," Bonfils said. "I want to look at your ass . . ."

She turned around and squeezed her shapely ass. Then she bent over and touched her toes, displaying remarkable flexibility for a woman who spent most of her free time at the corner bar.

Sally spread her cheeks, granting Bonfils an unencumbered view of her pussy and asshole. Tugging his prick, he savored the spectacle. Sally's was a nice ass; a bit flabby, perhaps, but he didn't give a damn. It was soft and wonderful and, most importantly, she knew how to work it.

"Come sit on my dick," he demanded.

Sally straddled him cowgirl-style. Impaled on his cock, she grinded her hips, riding him slowly. But it wasn't long before she bucked with maniacal fervor. Bonfils gripped her plush ass with both hands, parting her cheeks while pumping up inside her. Her milky white tits jiggled in his face as she bounced.

At Bonfils' urging she dismounted and assumed the doggy position, raising her rear while lowering her head to the sofa. The detective moved behind her; his knees pressed to the cushion, cock in hand, he speared her cunt. Sally moaned and groaned as

he fucked her from behind with hard pokes. Holding her fleshy hips, he jabbed repeatedly, banging her with everything he had.

Bonfils was determined to make their tryst as physically demanding as possible. His comment about needing the exercise had not been made in jest. Fucking Sally wasn't exactly two laps around the block, but it had to be worth something on the fitness scale. Think of it as cramming for the test, he thought amusedly.

"Fuck me in the ass," Sally panted, breaking his train of thought. "I want it in my dirty bum . . ."

Bonfils pulled out of her pussy and nudged her asshole, teasing and taunting as she begged for it. Sally gasped when he entered her in earnest. Bonfils didn't have to be gentle. Sally's far from virginal starfish accommodated his sizable schlong with ease. He reamed her caboose good and proper, plunging deeply with powerful thrusts, each one moving them closer and closer . . .

"Finish in my mouth," Sally uttered breathily.

A regular ATM freak, Sally loved the taste of her asshole. Bonfils was only too happy to oblige her craving.

He withdrew. Sally turned around, opening wide. Bonfils filled her maw and proceeded to fuck her face. Holding her head with both hands, he rammed it home with reckless abandon, rammed it and crammed it until he erupted inside her mouth.

Sally gulped greedily, swallowing every last drop of his hefty cum load.

Down on the street, as Bonfils fucked Sally in his third-floor apartment, Costello slid out from behind the wheel of his personal vehicle.

He had followed them from the bar, maintaining a safe distance, parking a quarter of a block away as the detective and Sally had vacated the sedan and disappeared into the brown brick apartment building.

Presently walking with determined strides, face twisted with malice, he homed in on the detective's car. He extracted a switchblade from the pocket of his windbreaker, released the blade, and knelt beside the front driver's side tire.









Costello worked his way around the car with methodic precision, slashing all four tires. In all likelihood Bonfils would know who did it. The detective knew that Costello had it out for him. Still, he wouldn't be able to prove a damn thing one way or the other.

And that would make him mad, real mad, so mad that he just might blow a gasket and drop dead of a stroke.

"I wish," Costello muttered, folding the blade and stowing it in his pocket. "Boy, do I ever."

Sally emerged from the bathroom. "Mind taking me home?"

Dressed and refreshed, she looked as good as new as she grabbed her purse from the end table.

"Are you sure?" Bonfils searched her face. "You're more than welcome to stay the night."

"I would," she told him, "but I've got to get an early start tomorrow."

Sally worked as a paralegal for a busy uptown law firm. Hers was a stressful job, long hours and overly demanding attorneys. But the money was good. And it certainly beat waitressing; which she had done throughout her twenties before finally buckling down and going back to school to earn her Legal Studies degree.

"I understand," Bonfils remarked. "Can't blame a guy for trying, huh? Hell, I'd even make breakfast."

"Keep talking like that and I just might change my mind," Sally said as they left the apartment.

They descended the stairwell, crossed a tiny vestibule in dire need of cleaning, and pushed open the door. The temperature had dropped. Damn, Bonfils thought, should've brought my jacket. He was just about to go back inside when he noticed his tires, the damage illuminated by the sickly yellow of an aging streetlight.

"Son-of-a-bitch!"

Sally jerked. "What's wrong?"

"My tires," he barked. "Look at my goddamned tires."

He hurried around to the other side of the car, certain of what he would find. As expected, the asshole had done a thorough job, slashing all four tires.

"Who would do such—"

"Costello," Bonfils spat. "Mike Costello."

"Who's that?" Sally asked.

"A prick cop who wants my job."

"A cop did this?"

"Don't look so surprised, Sally. Cops are some of the worst people you'll ever meet."

They stood there frowning at the damage, neither of them saying a word as a windblown newspaper skittered down the street.

"Well," Bonfils said, "we're not going anywhere tonight. Not in my car. Let me call you a cab."

He turned to go back inside. Sally grabbed his arm. "Cabs are too expensive," she said. "And I've got a better idea . . . "

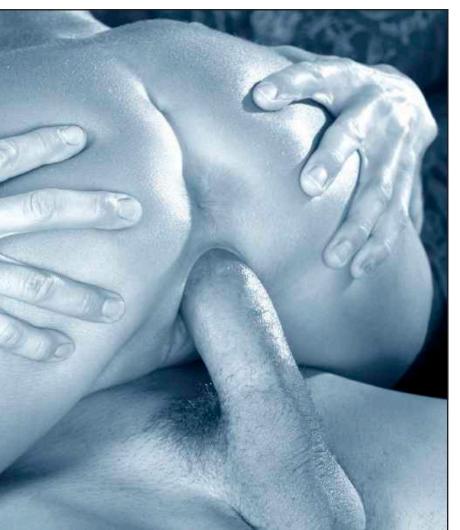
"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah."

"Like what?"

"Let's you and I go upstairs and I'll show you. Trust me, you won't be disappointed. I'll make you forget all about those tires, Detective . . ."

Bonfils smiled. His tires were flat. But his cock had already started to swell.































































have to admit that I'm a bit of a homebody. I like clean, iron my own clothes, and cook up a mean fettuccini. While sex in the kitchen can be fun, sex in the bedroom is best. So when Dwayne booty-called me and wanted to come over, I vacuumed the sofa, fluffed the pillows, and spruced myself up for what was going to be a hot afternoon, And you get to watch.





























LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Letters that should or shouldn't have been written, but you sent them to us anyway!

NIGHT OF THE STIFFS

I've held many jobs in my lifetime—too damned many if you want to know the truth—but none of them could compare to the year I spent as a county coroner.

Performing autopsies isn't as bad as one might think. Well, that's not entirely true. It's actually pretty damned awful. And I would've never stayed at the job as long as I did were it not for Lisa Mancuso. Lisa was a graveyard shift nurse at the hospital where I worked. We had met in the staff lounge during my first week on the job. Idle chitchat over coffee became a regular thing, gradually leading to a series of proper dates. One thing led to another and—well, before I knew it we were hot and heavy.

It was common for me to work into the wee hours. What with all the violent crime plaguing the city there was never a shortage of dead bodies in need of my special set of skills. I had asked my supervisor for some help and gotten an all too typical response about lack of funding. The unmanageable workload had everything to do with my leaving the job for greener pastures. Mine was a simple case of burnout. Too many stiffs, you see, too many twelve-hour shifts slaving over dead bodies in the morgue.

Lisa had hated to see me go—especially when I had told her my new job was out of state—but she had understood. Lisa was the best. She had even given me a surprise send-off party on my last night. And, no, I'm not talking about cake

and ice cream and a gaggle of kazoo-blowing coworkers wearing silly cardboard hats.

No way.

Lisa had treated me to something extra special, something which took a shocking detour the likes of which blow my mind to this very day . . .

I was working late, as usual, when Lisa showed up at the morgue. This wasn't uncommon. She often visited during her break. And, yes, these visits invariably led to sex. Lisa loved to fuck in the morgue. She got off on the illicit thrill; the taboo element made her wet and horny beyond belief.

I certainly had no problem with this. Banging my girlfriend on the job was an excellent way to relieve stress. And I banged her a lot, damned near every night; which leads us back to my final shift...

Scalpel in hand, I was on the verge of making the initial incision on a subject when Lisa pushed through the swinging doors and said, "Not so fast. We've got fifteen minutes before I've got to be back on the floor . . ."

"I'm flattered, Lisa." I nodded at the stiff laid out on the stainless steel table. "Unfortunately I'm on a deadline. I've got to finish this be-

DONNA LEANED OVER, HER LIPS WERE SOFT AND HER BREATH SMELLED OF WINE.



fore—"

"He can wait."

"But—"

"He's dead. Me, I'm still very much alive. And in dire need of your big hard cock. After all, this is your last night. Surely you want to go out with a bang . . ."

I couldn't argue with her logic. She had an excellent point. Not to mention excellent tits, excellent ass,













and excellent pussy. Her tight-fitting uniform accentuated each and every one of these attributes.

"You talked me into it," I told her, removing my clothes as she did the same.

We never bothered to lock the door as hospital staff steered clear of the basement level morgue, especially during the graveyard shift when it became an awfully creepy place to be avoided at all costs.

Lisa hopped on the room's only empty table, shivering as she deposited her ass on the cold stainless steel. "Bbbbbrrrrrrrrr." She hugged herself. "So cold. Why don't you get over here and warm me up . . ."

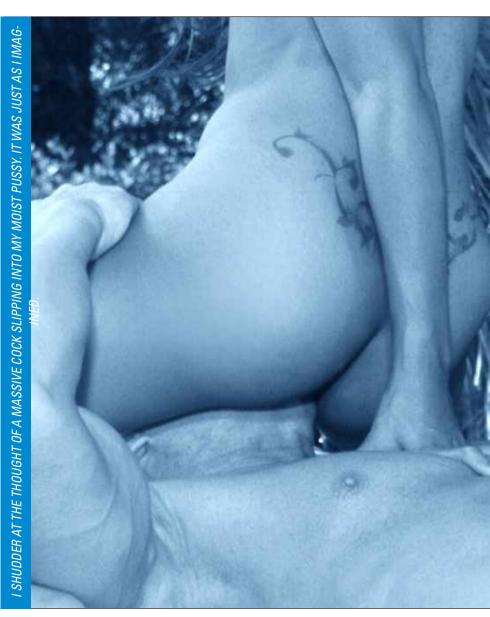
If the table grosses you out—well, tlet me tell you it was sanitized to the umpteenth degree. Hell, it was clean enough to eat off of. But I digress . . .

Lisa spread her legs as I knelt beside the table and went down on her. She lay back, regarding the ceiling as I licked her pussy. Hers was a wet cunt and I made it even wetter with my eager tongue. She wrapped her legs around my head, squeezing me between her thighs. Locked in place, I proceeded to suck her clit.

A moaning Lisa moved her hips rhythmically, grinding against my mouth. Of course my cock was harder than a riot stick. I stroked myself slowly, sensibly.

By now Lisa was begging for it. "Get up here," she said breathily, "and fuck me."

As I had done countless times over the past year, I joined her atop the table. The surface was cold on my knees; frigid, even, but a small price to pay for the fun we were having. I positioned myself between Lisa's legs and skewered her with my cock. She raised her knees as I commenced to thrusting. I drove my rigid tool into her hot hole, plunging and jabbing with unchecked ferocity.



I knew, even then, that it would be the last time for us. I wanted to give her an orgasm to remember, a proper pounding before we parted ways. And that's just what I did. Lisa came seconds before I pulled out and maneuvered my prick above her firm mounds. She loved it when I busted a nut all over her tits. Shucking my prick, I was almost there when the unthinkable happened.

The cadaver on the table to our right, the one I had been on the verge of cutting before Lisa had shown up, sat up with shocking suddenness. We screamed at the same time, jumping from the table

and fumbling for our clothes in a frenzied panic.

At least until Lisa bellowed, "Good grief! Look at the size of that thing!"

The poor guy, the one I had almost carved like a Thanksgiving turkey, had a huge cock. It was hard, too. No doubt Lisa and I had turned him on in a big way.

I won't go into the details of how the man had wound up on that autopsy table, mere seconds from being sliced and diced. What I will tell you is that Lisa reached new heights of kinky when she helped the would-be stiff get rid of his stiffy!

- Roland N., Still at the Morgue







JEN WANTS YOUR COCK

My name's Oliver, I'm old enough to know that if you ever had a hangover, you know it sucks! This time it's a Saturday night, and I had a bad headache from drinking on Friday night, so I asked my brother for some aspirin and he gave me two – and it helped. I just gotta stop drinking, but not yet.

A couple hours later and feeling better, I got a call from my buddy Jason, asking if I was into going out for a while and I said 'Sure.' He then asks if he could bring his girlfriend and her friend so I said that would be fine with me. A half hour later he calls me and said they decided to go over to their house. I say "Whatever, that's cool with me. Come get me."

They pick me up and we head out for their place. Jason's girlfriend's friend, Jennifer, was looking really fine with a great rack and long slim legs. She wore a nice simple dress and had a great smile with full sensuous lips. When we got in Jason's car, she sat in the back with me and we made small talk to get to know each other a bit. When we got to the house we kicked back with some drinks and sat down to watch some television in the living room. When I noticed it, the new TV was huge. Jason had been talking about getting a room-size TV and he almost did it.

"The thing is 66 inches. I had it shipped here." he said like a proud papa. The girls giggled. He put a dvd movie into the player and we sat back to enjoy it on the biggest screen I'm sure any of us had ever seen. Thirty or forty minutes into the movie, I needed my drink refreshed and went into the kitchen with Jason's girlfriend to get some for everyone.

As we were pouring the drinks and without even looking up, right out the blue, "Jennifer wants your



cock." she said. I looked at her and just smiled. I didn't know what to say. When we came back to the living room, Jennifer was now on the sofa and Jason had moved over to the loveseat.

They were trying to get me to sit next to her and I did. The movie ends an hour later and Jennifer puts her head on my lap as if to rest or catnap. But she then reaches over and puts her hand by my dick and began moving it around my crotch making my loins stir. She looks up, smiling at me and asked if I liked it and I told her I did. I look at Jason and he motions me with a nod of his head that we can go use the guest bedroom.

Jennifer took me by the hand and I followed her to the room. I closed the door behind us and turned the light off. She pulled me over to the edge of the bed and whispered "Get those pants off." I unzipped and slid them down halfway and she told me to lay down on the bed. Once I laid down she climbed on top of me and grabbed my dick and slid it in her mouth. It felt so good.

She was moaning while twirling her tongue around the tip of my dick and then she would go

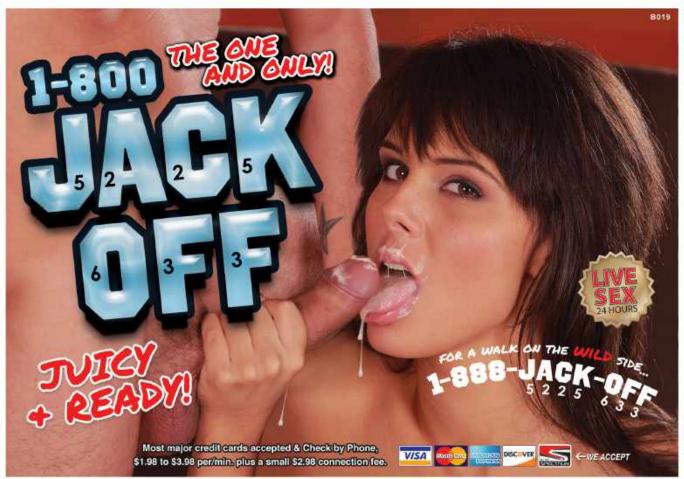
further down and come back up. It was great. I started to play with her boobs and she was going faster and faster until I couldn't take it anymore. I told her I was going to cum and she just kept sucking like she didn't even hear me. I then shot load after load down her throat. Some was dripping on to my dick and she licked it off.

We stripped our clothes off and got horizontal on the bed. We fucked all night till the sun came up, then did it for a couple hours more. It was an amazing night and I've been seeing Jennifer regularly. Her sexual appetite has not diminished and mine has grown. If things stay like this for a few more months, I may pop the big question.

I hope you liked my letter. I've never written to a magazine before and its probably going to be my only time, especially if I marry her.

- Barry W., Tallahassee, FL

Have something to say to us, then go write ahead. Send your letters to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 10170, W. Tropicana Ave., #156-168, Las Vegas, NV 89147. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them — or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

















































www.bl<u>a</u>irto<u>vs.com</u>

FREE SHIPPING ON ORDERS \$99+

* Free shipping domestic U.S.A. only

UP TO 60% SAVINGS!

VISIT US AT BLAIRTOYS.COM TO BROWSE THESE AND OVER 40,000 OTHER PRODUCTS!

SIGN UP TODAY FOR EMAIL SPECIALS & PROMO CODES

When you use promo code: **HAVE10** at checkout

"Limited time offer. Online deal only



DeeLite Strokers are the discreet way to pleasure your penis! Each tunnel is uniquely textured, providing a different texture for anal, vaginal, and mouth orifices. The durable outer shell is easy to grip during use and very non-descript giving a flashlight looking appearance.



PROWLER* PROWLER ICE CREAM TRUNK - MEDIUM - PINK

This stylish trunk from Prowler is certain to get heads turning! Made from a polyester and spandex blend, this trunk features a limited edition print, the classic Prowler paw logo stitched at the front of the waistband. This trunk feels just as good as it looks when you slip it

SKU: ABSPR-ICECREAMM

ZOLO **ZOLO POCKET POOL** CORNER POCKET MASTURBATOR SLEEVE - BLUE

\$1099 REG.



SKU: XGZO5011

BANG! SILICONE RECHARGEABLE **COCK RING & BULLET WITH** REMOTE CONTROL - BLUE

SKU: XR-AG572-BLU

O Masstoys ELECTRIC PUMP RECHARGE-ABLE PENIS **PUMP - GREEN**

4 levels of suction power Includes cockring & gasket. Phthalates free. Rechargeable Charging time = 150 mins. Working time = 120 mins. SKU: N3082-1 PASSION WATER BASED LUBRICAN 207 With its superb formula you will have a natural feel that keeps you moist longer for those extended wild bedroom sessions

10°

SKU: XR-PL100-2

ZOLO BUMPERZ STROKERS MASTURBATOR SET (3 PIECE) CLEAR

Perfect for foreplay and solo use, each sleeve provides two ways to

REJUVIEL ADVANCE HAND SANITIZER 40Z

Provides effective protection to kill 99% of pathogenic germs, yet is gentle on the hands. Hypoallergenic formula leaves hands free of residue.

EXTREME PIPEDREAM EXTREMETOYZ BEEFY SNATCH MASTURBATOR - PUSSY -VANILLA

Eat em, lick 'em, suck 'em or fuck 'em, you're gonna love every this succulent snatch

SLEEVE AND BULLET (6 PIECE KIT)

5KU: RJU-1002

CALEXATICS NAUGHTY BITS COCK **CREME WATER** BASED JERK-OFF LOTION - BULK

Polish your pecker with this jerk-off creme! Penis-maisturizing lotion. Gentle formula keeps skin smooth and slick while preventing friction. Unscented.



CALEXITICS 10 FUNCTION VIBRATING SILICONE STUD LASSO COCK RING - BLACK Removable bullet provides

10 intense functions of vibration, pulsation, and escalation for a partner.

SKU: SE-1408-20-2

FETISH FANTASY SERIES SHOCK THERAPY KIT WITH REMOTE CONTROL



- WHITE Great for muscle stimulation, neura stimulation, and an

@pipedream **FETISH FANTASY SERIES** LIMITED EDITION



\$3599 REG. 958.99 SKU: N3013-2 ADAM AND EVE VIBRATING TEXTURED PENIS

SKU: XGZO6044

SKU: XPDRD261

ITEM TITLE

SKU: SE-4410-91-1 SKU: PD3723-00

SPANDEX HOOD BLACK Keep your submisive Incognito with this Spandex 3-Hole Hood.

 SMOKÉ Send her soaring to further heights of ecstasy, just slip the bullet into its holster at the base of the sleeve and she'll feel vibrations targeting her most intense

SKII



Masstoys PUSSY POWER BACKDOOR BETTY PERSONAL PUSSY & ASS MASTURBATOR PUSSY - BUTT - VANILLA



erogenous zonel SKU: N2679 SKU: EN-AE-8158

Name:						
Address:						
City: St: Zip:						
Day Phone:	=1					
Signature: I am 18 yea	es or o'der					
Payment Method: Cash Check Money Order						
MC Visa Credit Card #:CV	V#					
Mail & EFFEX MEDIA Expiration: make payable to: Expiration: *please print clea						
		(free shipping on orders \$99+)	S&H	7.99	TOTAL	

































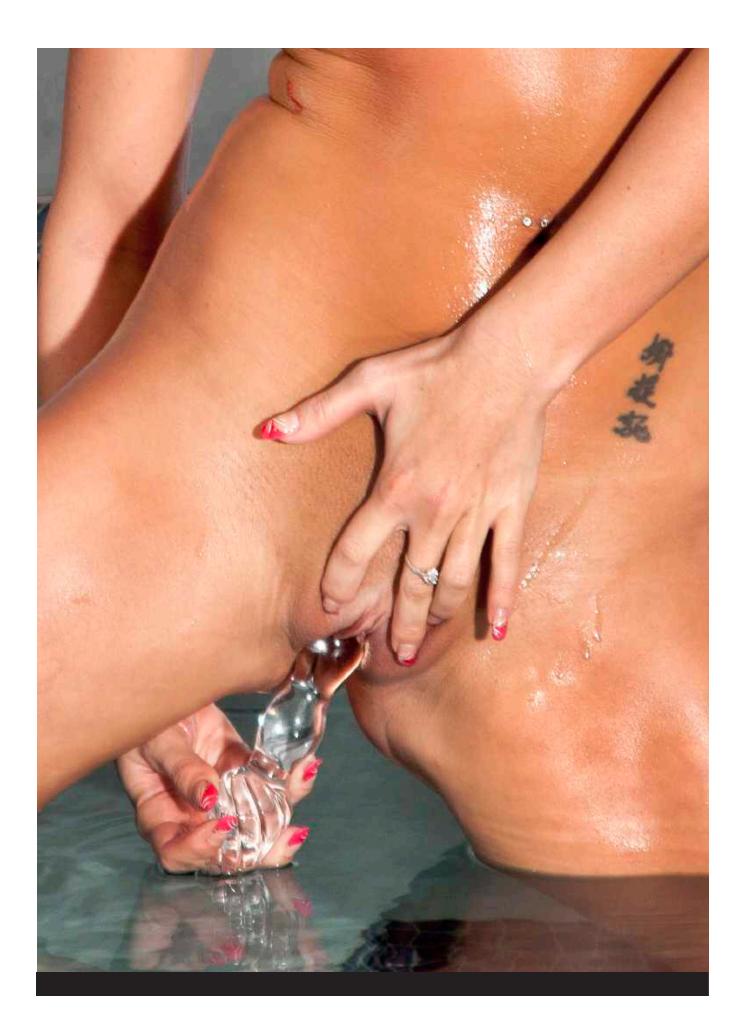


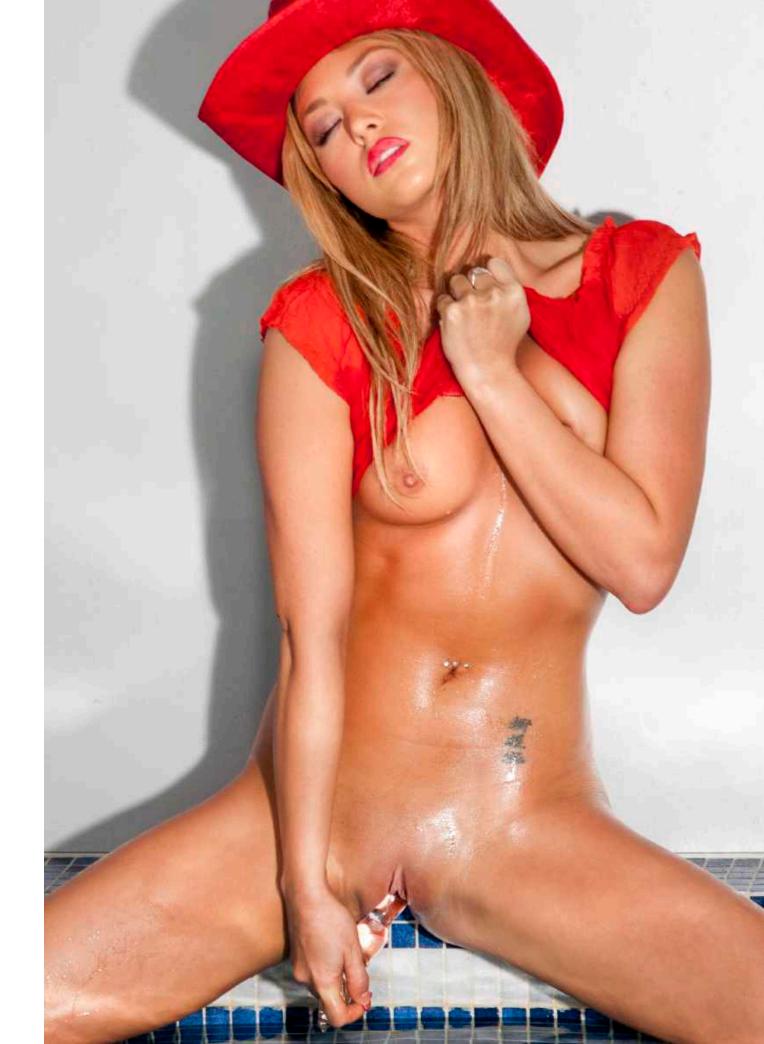


















CLUB MAGAZINE

6 monthly issues: US \$30.00

☐ 12 monthly issues: US \$55.00

Go online to order your subscription, or complete the form below and mail to: Blair Publishing, Inc., 10170 W. Tropicana Ave. #156-168, Las Vegas, NV 89147

For all our customers outside the U.S., please check out our hardcore digital editions on www.skinmagz.com/40:

Name (print)				
Signature	□ I am 18 years or older			
Address				
City	State	Zip Code		
PAYMENT METHOD: CASH CHECK MONEY ORDER - Please make payable to Blair	Publishing, Inc. in U.S. f	unds		
□ MC □ VISA Card Number		Exp. Date		
Email Address				

Subtitles and frequency are subject to change without notice. Please allow 8-12 weeks for first issue. This offer is not available in Nevada.

Previous subscription rates will no longer be accepted. We accept check, money order, Visa & MasterCard. Credit Cards valid for U.S. residents only.















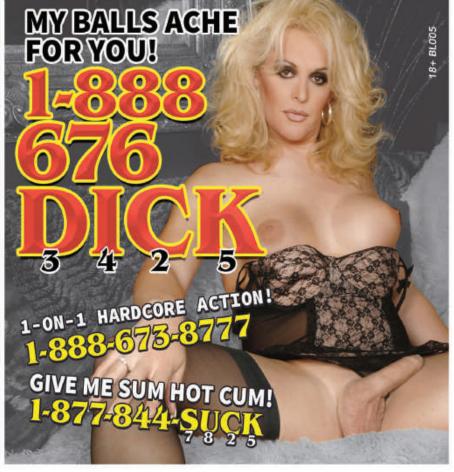






















Nothing beats HORNY MILF Group Sex! 1-800-915 4-0 FGY







